THE WEEKLY VISITOR, OR, LADIES' MISCELLANY.

"Virtue triumphs, and her sons are blest."

"TO WAKE THE SOUL BY TENDER STROKES OF ART,
"TO RAISE THE GENIUS AND TO MEND THE HEART."

VOL. I.] SATURDAY, December 4, 1802. [No. 9.

MARIAN AND LYDIA.

(Continued from p. 58.)

"In this manner did the artful Laura work on my feelings, and at length won Melfont over to her party. We were frequently witnesses to private interviews between her lover and herself; and in a short time so far forgot what was due to our patrons, and to our own interest and honour, that we not only planned her escape, but accompanied her flight, and the same ceremony united Lady Laura to Mr. Walsh, and your mother to Melfont.

"When we returned to Seymour castle, we found it a test of tumult and confusion; the Earl refused us admittance; and my father irritated at my ingratitude to his patron and benefactor, would not suffer me to enter his habitation, nor did I, from that unhappy day, ever see him; my behaviour had such an impression on his mind, that he fell into a deep melancholy, which soon put a period to his existence; the whole possessions were left to his nearest male relation, and my name was only mentioned in the will, that he might reprobate my ingratitude.

"I can truly say, the affliction I felt when informed of his decease, proceeded solely from the reflection, that I deserved his anger, and had not seen him, or endeavoured to obtain his pardon before his death.

"The anguish of my heart was beyond expression, but the unremitting tenderness which I experienced from my husband soon hushed my griefs to rest, and I became tranquil, and even happy. Alas! this scene of serene pleasure was not long to last; it fleeted away like a vision, and like a passing shadow left no trace behind.

"One year of connubial love was past, when you, my beloved girls, were in one day ushered into the world. Melfont was disappointed, he had hoped for a boy, as his family had never been reconciled to what they termed so disproportionate a match, he imagined such an event might in some measure have conciliated their regard, but the birth of my daughters frustrated these hopes; however he still continued the kind attentive husband.

"I lived extremely retired, consoling myself for the loss of every pleasure which a person of my age might wish to enjoy, in Melfont's affection; and while that continued, I had no wish ungratified.

"Lady Laura frequently visited me, her father had never forgiven her precipitate marriage, nor did he ever give her any fortune.

"Walsh had married more from the hope of aggrandizing himself than from any affection he felt for her ladyship. When he found these hopes were illusive, he threw off the mask, and treated her with contempt and unkindness, by which means he rendered her life extremely wretched.

"She saw the love and harmony which subsisted between your father and me, and from that spirit of envy which hates to see happiness in another family, which it cannot enjoy at home, she determined to undermine my felicity, and render me as completely wretched as herself.

"There is a caprice in the heart of man, or rather a depravity in their natures, which leads them to neglect and despise a woman totally in their power, and pursue with avidity those who, by almost insurmountable obstacles, are placed at a distance from them. This was exactly the case with Melfont. When Lady Laura was offered to him by her father, when wealth and honor would have attended his acceptance of her, he rejected her; but now, irrevocably united to me, and Laura the wife of another, he began to feel a passion for her, and to wish he had not married so precipitately.

"This passion was at first admitted into his bosom under the mask of pity, he would listen to the frequent complaints she made of her hard fate, soothe

her distress, and offer every consolation in his power.

" For some time I joined him in endeavoring to alleviate the sorrows of the unhappy Laura; but at length his attentions to her became too pointed to escape the penetrating eye of watchful tenderness, and I was unable to stifle that jealousy which I had long strove to suppress.

" However afflicted I might be, at the visible alteration in your father's manner, I suffered no complaint to break forth, but nursed my corroding sorrows in silence and solitude; in his presence I endeavored to appear chearful, though my heart was almost broken by his unkindness.

" Two years had passed in this dreadful manner, when Mr. Walsh died, and Lady Laura became a blooming widow. Lord S——, her father, was at that time upon the continent, therefore she had no opportunity to make an immediate personal application to him for reconciliation.

" Lady Laura had long treated me with a cool hauteur, she now no longer wore even the semblance of politeness, but whenever she came to the house, would either not speak to me at all, or treat me with the most cruel disrespect. I ventured to complain to Melfont of her ungenerous behavior, when his answer struck me almost dumb with sorrow and astonishment.

' I am surprised, madam,' said he, ' that you should complain to me in this manner, what right have you to expect particular attention from a woman of Lady Laura's distinction, I think she does you too much honor by condescending to enter the house where you live. You should consider, Dory, you are only my mistress.'—' Your mistress, Melfont?'—' Yes, surely; you know I was under age when the ceremony was performed. I have never introduced you to my family as my wife, nor have they ever considered you as such.'

" I heard no more, a cold damp came over me, I shuddered, and fell lifeless to the floor. When I recovered, I found your cruel father had left me, in that state of insensibility, to the care of his servants. I gave free vent to my sorrows in a flood of tears, and then summoning all the fortitude I could to my assistance, called for pen and ink, and wrote a letter to Melfont, a copy of which I have preserved.

TO MELFONT.

" *Sir,*

" Since you inform me I am not your wife, be assured I retain too high a sense of honor to remain with you on any other terms; but do not flatter yourself I mean tamely to give up a title which I think I have undoubted right to, having received it at the altar, and borne it three years, during which time I have never disgraced it by thought, word, or action. Before you receive this, I shall be far advanced on my way towards Paris, where I mean to submit my cause to the decision of the Earl of S——, who, though I have greatly injured, is the only person I can at this time with propriety apply to, or hope to receive assistance from. I know him to be a nobleman of too much honor and humanity to suffer an insult offered to an unprotected woman to go unrevenged. He is the friend of the widow and the fatherless, and in that rank I must place myself, and your unhappy children, till you restore me to that which no action of mine has ever forfeited.

Your affectionate,
but injured wife,
DORCAS MELFONT.

" When I had finished this letter, I ordered a chaise and four, and bidding the servant put up a few things, took you, my beloved girls, and desiring the letter might be delivered to your father when he came home, which I knew would not be till late at night, set off full speed for Dover.

" We travelled all night, and was lucky enough to arrive just as a packet was sailing for Calais, I immediately embarked, a few hours wafted us across the channel, and I then travelled with as much speed as possible to Paris. It was late when I arrived, and being greatly fatigued with my journey, I determined to stay till the next morning before I waited on the Earl. I took an hasty supper and retired, in hopes to recruit my exhausted frame by sleep.

" The next morning I arose early, and dressing myself, took my dear children in my hand, and repaired to the Earl's. I was with difficulty admitted, and when I entered the room where his Lordship was at breakfast, my agitation was so great I could scarcely stand.

' Dorcas!' said his Lordship, starting from his seat.—' Oh! my Lord,' said I, (throwing myself at his feet, and presenting my girls to him) ' behold a miserable woman and two helpless infants, who, without your assisting hand, must be plunged in infamy and inevitable ruin.'—' Rise, Dorcas,' said his Lordship, ' explain yourself, your agitation at present deranges your ideas.'

" I then in a few words told him, that Melfont had disowned me for his wife, and that I was certain he meant to marry Lady Laura.

' Heaven forbid,' said the Earl, ' that my poor infatuated girl should add such an heinous offence against humanity, to the catalogue of her former crimes. Oh! Dorcas, her undutiful behavior has been like a viper preying upon my heart; and to increase my affliction, I have been told she has dishonored even the man for whom she forsook her father's protection. But this will be an act to make honor and humanity blush. Be comforted,' continued he, ' for the sake of these poor innocents, I will not suffer your wrongs to pass unnoticed or unredressed.'—Cheared by these kind expressions, I returned to my lodgings, with a heart considerably lightened, and was desired to call on the Earl again in about ten days, when he should have had time to consult what was best to be done. On the appointed morning I repaired to the Earl; I found him seated at a table writing, a letter lay unfolded before him.

' Dorcas,' said he, rising and leading me to a seat, ' I have received letters from England since I saw you.'—Do they mention me, my Lord?—' Yes, they say you have long led a very dissolute life, and that you have eloped from your husband with a young officer, and taken with you a quantity of money and jewels.'—' Heaven forgive them,' said I, and burst into tears.—' But this is not all, my poor girl,' continued the Earl, ' you have worse trials than this to encounter.'

(To be continued.)

SKETCH OF THE PERSONS, MANNERS, CUSTOMS, AND PRESENT STATE OF THE IRISH MOUNTAINEERS: BY AN EYE-WITNESS.

(Continued from p. 59.)

DURING Lent the mountaineers abstain from animal food, and would consider it a crying sin to let it touch their lips.

The mountaineers are accustomed to hardship from their infancy. Their children run barefoot among the tufts of heath, and the rocky mountains, even amid the rigor of winter. This gives them a callosity of nerve, and tends to stupify their mental faculties. The poets may expatiate on the efficacy of frosts in bracing the nerves and clearing the brain, but the experience of mankind proves, that mild climates, genial suns, and odorous breezes, are more conducive to genius and expansion of mind.

At a very early period, perhaps seven years of age, the boys are employed in leading horses at the plough or harrow, in weeding the potatoes and corn, and several of them are shepherds. The girls are taught to knit, sew, card, and spin. Whatever ideas the children of both sexes acquire from the traditionary tales of their parents and neighbors constitute the whole of their knowledge, except the "palpable obscure" of religion which their priests think proper to impart. Hence their ideas, like their wants, are few: they are healthy, and the pure air of their native hills gives them a charming vavacity of spirits.

The dress of the mountaineers is coarse and plain. The men are cloathed in frieze coats, waistcoats, and breeches, coarse woollen yarn stockings, brogues (a kind of clumsy shoes), coarse linen shirts, and felt hats. Some of the young men, however, imitate their lowland neighbors by a finer dress, and the women have progressively increased their finery, insomuch that the plain woollen hood worn about twenty years ago is laid aside, and cloaks of good scarlet broadcloth, or in summer of white dimity, are used in their stead. The young women are particularly partial to variegated ribbons, and the more glaring the colors the more they are prized. Their gowns are linsey-woolsey or striped linen, of home manufacture. It is a curious fact, that the fair sex among the most uncivilized nations are fond of brilliant colors, witness the tartan ribbons and petticoats of the highlanders of Scotland; and a similar predilection is shewn by the women of Russia and Tartary for the party-colored shawls of Kishmyre and India.

Hospitality may almost be said to be instinctive among the mountaineers; and they carry this amiable virtue to so great a height, that there is always a little couch appropriated to the wandering beggars who often visit them. Indeed the sociality and contentment of their lives have been very naturally pourtrayed by the poet, in the following lines:

"Tho' poor the peasant's hut, his feast tho' small,
He sees his little lot the lot of all.
Cheerful at morn he wakes from short repose,
Breathes the keen air, and carols as he goes;
At night returning, every labor sped,
He sits him down the monarch of a shed;
Smiles by his cheerful fire, and round surveys
His children's looks that brighten with the blaze;
While his lov'd partner, boastful of her hoard,
Displays her cleanly platter on the board.
And haply, too, some pilgrim, thither led,
With many a tale repays the nightly bed"

Their summer amusements consist of annual festivals, which they call *patrons*, being holidays in honor of their tutelar saints. The principal meeting of these mountaineers is held on midsummer-day. On this occasion the people first hear mass in the morning, and spend the remainder of the day in dancing, drinking, and other amusements. There are booths erected where they assemble, and a multitude of toys brought thither for sale. The young men buy ribbons and gloves, which they present to their sweethearts; and the festival resembles the English country wake.

Besides this amusement, the young people often assemble on Sunday afternoon on some little green plain or mount, where they form a circle, around which the lads and lasses pursue each other alternately, and whoever is taken forfeits a kiss, similar to the sports of Yorkshire and other northern counties of England. In winter they amuse themselves with dancing in barns; or when the young women spin, the young men divert them with stories, or with the music of the flute or violin. Some of them are very expert at playing on the jews-harp, and commonly use two at a time, which they play with their little fingers. It is almost impossible to conceive the cheerfulness which illumines their faces at these social meetings. Their penury, the wintry storms that howl without, and the rumbling torrents that bear fragments of the rocks impetuously along, are unheeded by the lively train. We may well say of the Irish mountaineer, as the poet does of the Swiss—

"———Every good his native wilds impart,
Imprints the patriot passion on his heart;
And e'en those ills that round his mansion rise,
Enhance the bliss his scanty fund supplies.
Dear is that shed to which his soul conforms,
And dear that hill which lifts him to the storms:
And as a child, when scaring sounds molest,
Clings close and closer to the mother's breast;
So the loud torrent and the whirlwind's roar
But bind him to his native mountains more."

With respect to superstition, the mountaineers retain a belief in the existence of fairies, whose power they dread. They recount many feats performed by the fairies, or, as they call them, *the gentry*. Tradition has conveyed down the fable of the *banh shea*, an apparition like an old woman, dressed in the ancient Irish habit, with a hood on her head, bound with a kerchief; this spectre was said always to appear under the window of where any person lay on the death-bed, and to express several mournful cries as a token of approaching dissolution. The existence of familiar spirits is also believed by this credulous people; and an impostor, called Roger Mulhern, who lived near Carlingford for many years, is yet mentioned by them with the greatest reverence. This man pretended, that by the aid of his invisible friend he could tell the state of the dead. Several people, anxious to know how their relatives fared in the other world, flocked to the house of this sage, who gave them a night's lodging free of expence, and by artful enquiries drew from his visitors a knowledge of such circumstances in the life of the departed friend, as enabled him to decide whether he was happy or miserable. His fame increased, and the priests became alarmed. They forbade their parishioners to visit Mulhern, whom they affirmed to be under the influence of the devil. But though the prohibition deterred the people from going publicly to the house of the impostor, yet they visited him, with the greatest secrecy, under the veil of night; and he, as a reward for their faithfulness, presented each person with a shilling, besides giving them the most satisfactory information respecting the deceased.

To be continued.

ON THE MARRIED STATE.

AS I have often thought that a married life was the most suited of any to render the present state comfortable and happy, on account of that intimate nearness and friendship which might be contracted between persons so closely united, I resolved in a proper time to try the experiment.—But, before I proceeded, I laid down this maxim—"that I would take only such steps as were most likely to promote my desired end." With this view, then, you may be sure I did not set out in chase of an overgrown fortune; nor could I ever think of giving my hand to a woman from whom I knew my heart was likely to be at liberty. I had, indeed, a general regard for the fair sex, and admired a beautiful face and fine shape whenever I saw it; but these were not enough to engage me, if the soul was not fitted to my own too. With such sentiments as these, when a proper season came, I turned my eyes and thoughts to the lovely Prudentia, whose character and behavior in early life promised uncommon blessings to that youth who should become her husband; and her growing years, and increasing qualifications, strengthened and confirmed such hopes. Accordingly, by the help of a friend, I was introduced into her company; and, from the conversation which then passed, I found myself insensibly led into a pleasing bondage, and you must think I yielded without reluctance.—From this time commenced a courtship which was inexpressibly charming, because it gave me fresh occasions of discovering the reasonableness and justice of my passion.

Prudentia's person was agreeable; her air and shape was genteel and graceful; her knowledge and understanding superior to most of her sex at her age; her conversation affable; her sentiments polite and proper; and her fortune handsome, but not so much above me as might render my pretensions selfish and mercenary. With this companion did I pass a long time of expectation, till she at last consented to be my bride, and crowned my wishes.

We have now been married about seven years, a time more than sufficient to form a judgment; and, I assure you, I have hitherto enjoyed all the happiness I could desire for myself, or expect from so agreeable a woman. These seven years, appear much shorter than the former, and the bonds of affection are strengthened by the soft expressions of her love, which I find now was as powerful to me at first, as mine to her, though concealed then under a becoming shyness, and genteel reserve. Prudentia is the same agreeable creature I all along believed her, and appears still more entertaining. In her I enjoy a wife, and a friend, who shares more than half of every care, and more than doubles every joy; and, by her mild and gentle influence, she diffuses regularity and good nature through the whole family. Hence it is that I love home better than any other place; and, instead of spending my evenings in clubs and smoaking-rooms, I return to my own parlor, and to the dear mistress of it, with a superior pleasure. And as I have passed more than the first (which may be called the year of probation in a married life) with such satisfaction, I hope there is a solid foundation for future happiness, as long as Heaven and Nature will measure out our existence here.

ON FEMALE DRESS.

A WARM contest has lately taken place in Paris between several physicians upon Female Dress. Some are for the modern mode of light and thin clothing; others are decidedly against it. The following are two letters upon the subject. The first is from Dr. Poulin, who is an advocate for the *Costume Grec*.

"Dr. Angrand acknowledges, that an ague is but rarely mortal; but he insists, that fatal disorders are occasioned by a dress which he hopes to see speedily reformed. Fortunately for the taste of the age, this reform is not likely to take place so soon. For more than three thousand years the women have worn their clothes *a la Grecque*. I have seen them in universal use in the stern climate of England; and our masters, who have said every thing that is to be said good both in physic and morals, so far from saying any thing against this superb dress, have attributed to the strong constitutions of the women of Sparta, who were loosely dressed, and who were accustomed to dance almost naked with young warriors, the privilege of bringing into the world a race of heroes. But Dr. Angrand did not know this when he said—'that, assuredly, when the delicate body of a woman is almost always in immediate contact with the atmosphere, it is most exposed to the fatal impressions from the sudden variations of the temperature.' What pitiful reasoning! In vain does he endeavor to seek for the germs of cutaneous disorders in the light dress of a pretty woman; germs which, I assert, are to be found in the heavy dresses, and not in the light and loose drapery of the dress *a la Grecque*."

To the above letter the following reply was returned by Dr. Angrand, the enemy to the *Costume Grec*.

"The immortal Sydenham, in speaking of disorders which kill more than war, pestilence, and famine together, says—'that one of their evident causes is, the throwing off our winter clothes too soon.' What would he have thought, if the women of his time had been as thinly clad in Winter as in Summer? Dr. Mackenzie, in his learned Treatise upon the preservation of Health, declares, that nothing can be more dangerous than, in the heat of Summer, to leave a warm room and go into the air without being properly clothed. Could he foresee that the Parisian Ladies, clad in a simple muslin, their arms and shoulders naked, would quit their houses or places of public amusement to go and sit till midnight under the trees of *Frascati*? Gorter says—that we ought to avoid, with the greatest care, exposing those parts of the body which are usually covered. I still hear the applause with which the Society of Physic manifested their assent to the principles of Deasessarts when he declaimed against the Greek Costume. All these persons assert, that the dress ought to be changed according to the seasons and other circumstances. Is this pitiful reasoning? But Dr. Poulin wishes to show a noble contempt for the rudiments of our art. A Greek, like him, has a right to attack opinions generally received. What signifies it to him, that the climate of Greece is so different to ours? Of what importance is it, that the French women, brought up so delicately, and scarcely acquainted with the use of the needle, appear to common eyes little fit to imitate those viragos of Sparta, who by a strong constitution, acquired gradually by a hard mode of living, and by exercises which would terrify our modern Hercules', braved with impunity the differences of the season."

From Mr. Tellwell, a Banker's Clerk, to his Mistress.

THE *number* of uneasy sensations which I have endured since your departure are beyond the reach of arithmetic: I am oppressed with the *weight* of them. I do not mean to *subtract* from the goodness of your parents; but why would they *divide* our persons, when they knew that our hearts were *consolidated?*—How are my uneasinesses *multiplied!* Were you my *omnium* in this world, here I should want no *addition* to my happiness. *Figure* to yourself my situation, and you will pity me. I know very well that I ought to have patience; but I cannot *reduce* my sentiments to *practice*. Your absence makes such *fractions* in my ideas, that I hardly know what I write. If I write not agreeably to the *rule* of reason, I hope you will make *grains* of allowance; for in the condition I am in, I cannot pretend to *weigh* every syllable in the *balance* of correctness; I hope, therefore, that *you* will let the *scale* of candor preponderate in my behalf. If you cannot forgive all the *fluxions* of my pen, at least pity them: it is very hard, upon many occasions, *to draw the line* of propriety; but if I offend in this, I will promise to *turn over a new leaf*. If I am out of your *books*, I shall be driven to despair; for you will find, upon *casting up* the contents of this letter, that *the sum total* is—excessive love.

TIM. TELLWELL.

CANINE FIDELITY.

DURING the late invasion of Holland, a British officer wrote to his sister a letter, in which he related the following singular circumstance, which happened, when the French were driven from Camperdown Hills.

"I saw a French soldier, one of their infantry, lying dead, having been shot through the breast, and a little spaniel, remarkably beautiful, lying by his side. Two of our pioneers coming by, I desired them to take away the dog. It was with difficulty they could catch him, as he ran about his dead master, and seemed determined not to be separated from him. They at length caught him, and carried him away for above half a mile, and quite out of sight of the dead body, but he got from them by a sudden spring, and ran back again. I had the curiosity to return, to see his behavior. I found him taking hold of the dead soldier's hand, pulling it, and barking incessantly. In this situation I left the poor animal.

"I was told the next morning, by a dragoon who came that way, that, after the pioneers had buried his master, he had scratched the sand, and made a hole large enough to hold himself, where he continued howling and mourning for the whole day of the 3d, until one man, more cruel, or more kind (I know not which) than the rest, put an end to his existence, by knocking him on the head with the butt end of his musket."

NEW ARRANGEMENT OF PATCHES.

AN *Artist* in London having formed a selection of Characteristic and Secret Patches, commonly called *Beauty-Spots*, offers it to the Ladies, for whose service it is designed. The following is a specimen of his Catalogue and Arrangement of Characteristic Patches—

CATALOGUE, &c. OF PATCHES.

The *Impassioned*—at the corner of the eye.
The *Gay*—upon the fold or dimple which the cheek forms in laughing.
The *Gallant*—on the middle of the cheek.
The *Kissing*—at the corner of the mouth.
The *Desiring*—upon the nose.
The *Coquette*—upon the lips.
The *Languishing*—under the left eye.
The *Secret*—upon a pimple, &c.

He engages to instruct Ladies to form a perfect Secret-graph by the arrangement of Patches: a single one on a particular spot shall be an hieroglyphic of no small significance. By this they shall form assignations, with the *when* and the *where*—they shall break them off, with the *why* and the *wherefore*, and express a disappointment without a tear or a sigh.

He is in strong hopes through patronage, matronage, and miss-age, to obtain a patent for the *Patch*, or *Secret-graph*.

DOUBLE REWARD.

ALEXANDER the great, we are informed by Arrian, as he was crossing the Euphrates, his turban happened to fall into the river, one of the watermen immediately jumped into the water and swam to it; but as he could not bring it back in his hand, without wetting it, he put it upon his head, and so returned with it. Upon which Alexander gave him a talent of silver, as a present for his zeal to serve him; but at the same time ordered his head to be struck off for presuming to put on his royal tiara, or turban.

THE EFFECT OF NOVELTY.

THE widow of a grandee of Spain wished to marry one of the officers of her household, a gentleman possessed of pleasing person and manners.—The young man with a delicacy which is very rare, for a long time strongly represented to her that such an unequal alliance would subject him to constant opprobrium. The widow, in answer to this objection, had the tail and mane of two beautiful coach-horses cut off: the beasts had been before universally remarked for their handsome appearance; she still however continued to use them, when she paid all her visits. So strange and novel a whim was, at first, the continual topic of conversation among her friends; in a week the astonishment somewhat abated, and in a month it was entirely forgot. "This is exactly what will happen to us," said the lady to the gentleman; "when the novelty is over, the astonishment ceases." This reasoning finished the difficulty, and entirely satisfied the young man's scruples.

A Gentleman observed a few evenings since in a company, that the politics of Europe might be compared to the four common rules of arithmetic.—*Addition* had got into France, *Subtraction* into Italy, *Multiplication* into England, and *Division* into Germany.

A gentleman lately observed in company, that a deceased friend, a *lawyer*, had left behind him very few *effects*. I can easily believe it, said a female wit present, he had very few *causes*.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

Late from St. Domingo.

On Monday arrived at Philadelphia, the brig Joseph & James, capt. Watson, from Port Republican, which he left the 2d ult.—Capt. Watson mentions that it was not so sickly as it has been; but, notwithstanding which, the fever still makes ravages among the European soldiers.

Capt. W. says, that he understood tho French were preparing to evacuate St. Marks, Gonaives, and Leogane: that the blacks were in possession of L'Archaye, from whence they fired on the brig Joseph and James as she passed that place, but without effect.

The force at Port Republican does not amount to more than 3000 troops and 2000 white inhabitants, a force too inadequate to make any great impression on the large body of negroes in arms in that neighborhood, between whom frequent skirmishes take place, which has little other effect than the reduction of both parties.

At St. Mark's, the French growing jealous of the black troops in their pay, drew up 600 of them, and surrounded them, with an intention of disarming them: but the negroes refused to deliver up their arms, and fired on the surrounding troops, which they returned, and every negro was massacred on the spot.

Cruelty seems to be the order of the day at Hispaniola. A few days before capt. W. sailed, a brigand boat was taken and brought in—all the brigands except two were killed. One of those brought in said, that they had, some little time before, taken a schooner full of white women, all of whom they put to death; and that his comrade, who then lay wounded near him, had, with the worm fixed on his ramrod, twisted out the eyes of several of the white women while alive.

On coming thro' the Bite of Leogane, he saw a great number of dead negroes, and some few whites, floating in the sea, and he was told that a schooner, weekly, and perhaps oftener, at Port Republic took 100 or 150 negroes on board, carried them out of the port, and on the first or second night, stifled them, by burning brimstone in the hold, and then threw the bodies overboard. We have been told something of the same kind was supposed to have been practised at the Cape—A brig there frequently took a number of blacks on board, went to sea, and in a few days returned empty, what became of them, our informant did not pretend to say.

Capt. W. says it was reported that Christophe and Dessalines, with a large portion of the blacks who were in the service of the French, had revolted, but this, with any account he could get from Cape Nicola, were so vague, that they were scarce worth repeating; every account, however, seems to predict the total evacuation of that island by the French, without a considerable reinforcement, which from any thing we have seen, seems rather at a distance.

Capt. W. saw seven sail of the line, apparently steering for Jamaica.

[*True Amer.*

From Guadaloupe.

The Newburyport Herald, of Tuesday last, says—"Captain Bunting, arrived yesterday, has told us the situation of the island in some measure, which is horrid indeed: confusion, pillage, bloodshed and murder, is the order of the day—the insurgents do actually gain ground, and captain B. speaks of it as his opinion, that if fresh troops do not shortly arrive, the blacks will have possession of the island. To minute the shocking transactions that daily occur would be too tedious. They have extended their ravages to Point Petre, but at St. Ann's a small town about 15 miles from there, a massacre of the inhabitants, without regard to age or sex, took place about the middle of October—hanging and shooting of the blacks has become so common, that the spectator there is hardly actuated by emotions of astonishment at the the scene—180 of those wretches were executed at one time, at Basseterre, about a week before captain Bunting sailed. The Fever is still making its ravages, not only among the French troops, but on the Americans there. Markets are tolerably good."

Extract of a letter from Port Republican, dated November the 1st.

Death and destruction threaten us even within these fortified walls; in short, every town, village, &c. from the Cape to this place have become the prey of the *brigands* and the flames—we maintain, yet, a few posts at *Mirebalais*, *Grand Boie*, and *Cul de Sac*; but from all appearances they will soon be wrested from us, and France will have nothing left in this devoted island but the *Cape*, *Port Republicain* and the *Mole*, as the South hitherto so quiet, exhibits already the dreadful symptoms of the approaching revolution.

Extract of a letter from the Havanna,

Dated Nov. 3.

"The Governor has refused to clear out any vessels for the Coast of Africa, in consequence of an exclusive privilege granted to the Marquis Colonillo of Spain, to import 6000 negroes into this island, in foreign vessels. This privilege will commence to operate from and after the last day of December next—and will disarrange the plans of a great number of American as well as English merchants, who had laid out their accounts to make fortunes here in that trade. The number of negroes required for this island is beyond any calculation yet made, as the number already imported since peace, exceeds, as I am informed, upwards of 12000!

"The Consulate have drawn up a strong and spirited remonstrance against this privilege, and sent it forward to the King—and are supported by planters and all parties. Since the promulgation of the licence or order, Negroes have risen in price from 20 to 30 dollars per head! and will *look up* towards the close of the year; notwithstanding the heads of Departments say that they shall after the last day of December, continue to admit vessels with Negroes, until they hear from the king, in answer to their memorial or remonstrance—but they cannot be depended upon.

"There are but few Americans here now, but as flour and lumber are now admitted in Spanish vessels from the United States, and horses in American vessels, I do suppose that there will be a great number in here, in the course of the winter; as the government does not as was supposed, and as the Spanish merchants wished, hunt the strangers down, and turn them out of the country.

The Visitor.

SATURDAY, December 4, 1802.

The Session of Congress commences at Washington on Monday next.

LIST OF DEATHS IN THIS CITY,

From the 23d to the 28th Nov. inclusive.

Not distinguished 9—Dropsy 2—Accident, fell out of a window 1—Still Born 1—Hives 1—Fits 1—Chin-cough 1—Small Pox 1—Consumption 1—Whooping-cough 1—Nervous Fever 1—Intemperance 1—Asthma 1—Gravel 1—Decline 2—Adults 12—Children 13.—Total 35.

STATUE OF WASHINGTON.

The Society of Cincinnati have appointed a committee of four members, to carry their resolution on the subject of a Statue of General Washington, into immediate and spirited execution. They have appropriated for this purpose 1000 dollars from their funds. The Corporation of this city, have, we are informed, expressed the most liberal intentions to the same effect; and the remainder of the requisite sum will be raised by individual subscription.—As the style, material, and execution will be in a great degree dependent on the amount thus raised, we trust the spirited contributions of our citizens will enable the committee to procure a Statue that shall be worthy of the occasion, and an ornament that will do honor to the feelings, taste and liberality of the city.

We are, in particular, pleased to learn, that the plan originated in the Cincinnati Society. It gives additional value to the design, to know, that the veterans who fought by his side, and conquered under his direction, have voted this tribute to the memory of their country's hero.

Though the virtues of Washington are indelibly engraven on the hearts of the American people—and though his fame requires not the aid of monumental trophies—yet is it honorable in the country, thus to evince to future ages, their veneration, their gratitude, and their affection toward a man, by whose life they have been so greatly benefited.

(Morn. Chro.)

On Friday the 14th inst. an extremely melancholy occurrence happened at Cedar Creek, Dover township, county of Monmouth, (N.J.)—A son of Daniel Williams, about 14 years of age, went out early in the morning to go to his rabbit traps at some distance from the house. Being absent longer than usual his mother became uneasy, and at length sent in search of him, when he was found in a little thicket, murdered; several strokes with the eye of an axe on his head, and others with the edge on his neck, one of which had severed the bone, and apparently caused his death. The axe with which the murder had been committed was lying by him. A coroner's inquest was held over the body—verdict, "wilful murder by some person or persons unknown." As the deceased boy, was always remarkably civil and quiet, it cannot be conjectured what led to the commission of this horrid act. We are told, a person (who was one of the inquest) has since been apprehended on suspicion.

Tren. pap.

A dispute took place on Monday 22d inst. on board the brig Juliana, at Fell's Point, Baltimore, between John Skinner, an American, and a Spaniard, named Francis Alanzo, when the latter stabbed the former in the left side; the Spaniard was immediately apprehended, and we learn the unfortunate American is in a very dangerous situation.

Before the Court of Oyer and Terminer and General Gaol Delivery which commenced its session in Poughkeepsie on the 16th ult. came on the trial of Nicholas Toncroy, on an indictment for an assault and battery, on an old lady upwards of 80 years of age. He was under the singular and unhappy delusion to suppose the old woman a *Witch*, and that by cutting her three times across the forehead he should screen himself from her sorceries. This he actually performed. He was convicted—After which an accommodation was effected between him and the family of the old lady, and he was fined only one dollar and costs of prosecution.

Frankfort, (K.) Nov. 10.

Departed this life, July 27th, 1801, Margaret M'Hatton, aged 96, and August 29th following, William M'Hatton, husband of said Margaret, aged 108; they left behind them about 90 children, grand children and great grand children. They were born and married in Argyleshire, Scotland—shortly after they married they migrated to Pennsylvania, America; from thence to Scott country, Kentucky, where they both died. They lived together in a married state, 76 years, and never experienced any sickness of consequence. Such of their children as were able, took an active part in the American contest for freedom.

Marriages.

On Saturday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Miller, Mr. JOHN BLEECKER, *to Miss* PHEBE SMITH, *daughter of the late Melancton Smith, Esq.*

Deaths.

On board the U. S. frigate Adams, on the 21st Sept. last, William Holmes, of Maryland, a midshipman, in the 18th year of his age—much regretted by all the officers on board.

On Tuesday, very suddenly, Mr. Bryce Little, of this city, merchant.

Lately in Prussia, Gen. D'Elsten, aged 68—and Lieut. Gen. Count de Scheverin—the two eldest generals in the Prussian service.

THEATRE.

On MONDAY EVENING, Dec. 6, will be presented,

A Comedy, called,

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING,

To which will be added,

ST. PATRICK'S DAY,

OR

THE SCHEMING LIEUTENANT.

JUST PUBLISHED

by Ming & Young,

THE

NEW-YORK POCKET ALMANAC,

For 1803.—containing,

Astronomical calculations,—Government Officers of the U. States—do. of the State of N. York—Charter officers of the cities of N. York, Albany, and Hudson—Duties on imports—Officers of the principal Societies in the city of N. Y.—Directors of the Banks in N. York, Albany, and Hudson—Times of holding U. S. Courts—Times of holding Courts in the State of N. York—Money Tables—Gauging Table—Post days at N. York—Table of Roads, &c. &c.

The above useful little work may be had of most of the Booksellers in this city, price 25 cents.

‡*‡ A few copies will be bound in a pocket-book manner.

THE GALLINIPPER.

A TALE.

A Hunting party once there met,
(A strange and heterogeneous set,)
So mix'd a groupe was never seen before;
The day was hot, they made good cheer,
And should my reader ask me where,
I'll say on the musquitoe shore.*

The dinner o'er, the wines abound,
And many a bottle quick went round,
And many a merry tale was told;
At length the subject graver grown,
And taking quite a different tone,
On antient metaphysics roll'd.

A learned trav'ler took the lead,
A doctor who had fill'd his head
With maxims most heroic;
He swore that what the world call'd pain
Was but a phantom of the brain,
And never yet was felt by Stoic.

And added, I am ready, since
My arguments will not convince,
An hour in yonder swamp to lie;
Stript naked there I'll bear the sting
Of ev'ry insect you can bring,
Both those that crawl and those that fly.

Each one was anxious when he heard
This speech, to take him at his word;
And 'mongst them all it made a bustle:
And now a rump and dozen is the bet,
Which he must forfeit to this merry set,
Should he but speak or move a muscle.

First on his face the naked doctor lies,
And on the swampy ground his patience tries,
Of which our Stoic would so often boast;
Musquitoes, ants and gnats begin,
With fire-flies, to assail his skin,
Of gallinippers too a monstrous host.

These gallinippers are a noble breed
Sent down on earth to buz and feed,
With monstrous paunches, and with wings of lace;
Who toil not for themselves, or earn their food,
But suck the hungry peasant's blood,
'Mongst tiny gnats a giant race.

In vain they sting, and bite, and buz;
Our hero stood it like the man of UZ,
And like the man of UZ had held it out,
Had there not 'mongst them been a wicked wight,
To put his school philosophy to flight,
And all his high-flown fancies to the rout.

The wag who this way hop'd to cozen
The doctor of his rump and dozen,
Snatch'd from a neighb'ring forge a red-hot nail,
And plac'd it where it chanc'd to reach
A nerve that pass'd along his naked breech;
And now his patience could no more avail.

Touch'd to the quick in his most tender part,
Nor longer able to endure the smart,
Behold him active as a high rope skipper
Make from his marshy bed a monstrous jump,
And roar, "I've lost my dozen and my rump,
Curse on the fangs of that last GALLINIPPER."

* *Elizabethtown or Newark, N. Jersey.*

[From the Columbian Centinel.]

SEDUCTION.

"Poor is the trophy of seductive art,
"Which but to triumph, subjugates the heart;
"Or, Tarquin-like, *with more licentious flame,*
"Stains manly truth to plunder female fame."

OH, GOD! that man, (if man he can be call'd)
That creature, counter eiting human shape,
Should bear within him such a hell of poisons,
And find no other place to vomit them,
But in the ear of artless innocence!

To have seduc'd to misery and want,
And, worse than these, to ev'ry nameless ill
That vice entails upon her votaries,
E'en for a momentary, fleeting joy,
Purchas'd with guilt unspeakable, and shame,
The stings of conscience for a lingering life,
And keener torments when that life shall end,
Is sorrow most exorbitantly bought!
Grant *such*, just heav'n, *a quicker sense of mind*,
Acute reflection, with their latest days,
To reap the fruitful harvest they have sown.

In youth's gay season, when the heart was warm,
And reason's hand still lacking strength to curb
The glowing passions; 'twas e'en *than*
A *blot*, that conscience in maturer years
Will ne'er look back upon without regret;
Repentance seldom can, with all her tears,
Wash it quite clean; and life for such a deed
With prayers secluded hardly were enough.

What then is *he*, who sins, and sins again,
And smiles in frequency! *Who, while I write—*
Plotting perdition, weaves his secret snares
For unsuspecting innocence and youth!
Whom neither DOUBLE *ruin satisfies!*
Nor life-time's full meridian can retard?
Come, Shame, and blush for him; come, Pity, come.

And Virtue, if it be not sacrilege
To call on *thee* in such a case as THIS;
Come, blush for HIM, *who cannot for himself!*

All glorious triumph! none more fit to fill
Such mouths with boasting; *whose success depends*
Upon the weakness of a female heart!
Oh, mighty monument! whose very base
Is *perjury, falshood, infamy,* and *sin!*

Wanted,
AN APPRENTICE
TO THE PRINTING BUSINESS.
A smart boy of good morals,
Apply at this office.

FANCY CHAIRS,
Made as usual in the neatest style of elegance; by FRANCIS TILLOU, No. 22, Stone-Street.

LOTTERY TICKETS,
In Lottery No. 1,
For the Encouragement of Literature,
For sale in Halves and Quarters,
At No. 148 Pearl Street.
Tickets registered and examined by the Managers' Book.

JOHN TIEBOUT,
No. 246 Water Street, near Peck Slip,
Has for sale.
THE MAID OF THE HAMLET.
By Regina Maria Rooke.

REUBEN AND RACHAEL,
OR
Tales of old Times.
BY
Mrs. Rowson.

THE VICAR OF LANSDOWNE,
Or Country Quarters.

MEMOIRS OF
THE LATE MRS. ROBINSON.

THE SUFFERINGS
OF THE
ORTENBURG FAMILY.

THE BEGGAR BOY.

LOTTERY TICKETS,
In Halves Quarters and Eighths.

HUTCHINS' ALMANACKS
For the year 1803.

APPRENTICES WANTED.
One or two Apprentices wanted to the CABINET-MAKING BUSINESS.
Enquire of the Printer.

NEW-YORK: PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY MING & YOUNG, No. 90, WILLIAM-STREET, WHERE EVERY KIND OF PRINTING IS EXECUTED.—SUBSCRIPTIONS FOR THIS PAPER ARE RECEIVED AT TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.